

she knows where to run by dustingspace

Series: [this is hawkins, 1985 \[2\]](#)

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Characters: Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield

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Summary:

when life is hard at home, max knows exactly where to go

OR

max sheds a tear, and lucas doesn't know what to do

she knows where to run

Author's Note:

I POSTED THIS WRONG BEFORE / this is a repost because i'm stupid and still figuring out how to use ao3; you might have seen this before as a result. sorry! but enjoy anyways :-)

“We have to be quiet.”

“That’s a little hard to do when the floor is covered in – *shit!*”

“Lucas?”

“Nothing!”

“Go to bed!”

“Okay, mom!” Lucas yelled, shutting his bedroom window. The lights were off.

Max shivered and peeled off her puffy jacket, tossing it on top of his dresser. She kicked a lego out of the way (half the party had been over earlier, helping Lucas build his replica Death Star) and slumped down onto the floor.

Lucas sat on his bed and put his feet on her skateboard, rolling it gently across his bedroom floor. Max turned to look at him.

Her hair was pulled out of her face with a hair tie, something he’d never seen her do. He could see her freckles better this way, and her eyes – her everything.

She was really, really pretty.

“It’s bad?” Lucas asked, crossing his wrists over one another on his knees. She nodded, staring at him. She pursed her lips and looked away, reaching for a grey lego piece and holding it in her hands, fumbling around with it.

She should have insulted him by now. She should have made some stupid comment about how he had baby pictures on his dresser, about how his dirty clothes pile was too big, about –

“I’m sorry. I had to go somewhere. Anywhere.” Max said, licking her lips and wrapping her arms around her knees. “My mom left. Not, like, forever. But for the night, and that’s bad enough. And Billy’s been really pushing everyone’s buttons and there’s times when it feels like it’ll all really fall apart.” Max said, reaching a hand up to touch her ponytail. She tugged the hair tie out and let her hair cover her face.

Lucas wasn’t prepared for the tears.

Max Mayfield did not cry. Legend had it that one time when she fell off her skateboard and onto her tailbone, she shed a single tear – that’s what Dustin said, but no one else believed him. Max had denied it profusely, and everyone had told Max they didn’t believe it (partly because they didn’t, partly because if she had cried then like – wow).

But Max cried tonight. She cried with her palms pressed against her eyes, in quiet, heaving sobs. She cried and cried and cried and Lucas didn’t know what to do, until she reached a hand toward him and he found the courage to slip off his bed and sit next to her, an arm wrapped around her shoulder.

She turned and pressed her face into his shoulder, and he held her a little tighter.

“I don’t want – t-to move a-again.” She whispered against his shirt, wrapping her arms around him tightly. “I don’t want to leave a-all of you.”

“You won’t.” Lucas said, running his fingers through her hair. She reached a hand up to wipe her last few tears away. She reset (almost robotically, like she’d mastered the art of looking like nothing had happened at all – which made Lucas’ heart twist and knot in a way it never had) and sat with her back pressed, straight, against the wall behind her.

She leaned her head back and cast her eyes up to the ceiling. "I'm sorry." She said, swallowing the lump in her throat and turning her eyes toward him after a moment.

"Crying is normal." Lucas replied, reaching his hand toward hers. She let him hold it for a minute before pulling away, stuffing her hands between her knees and holding them tightly there. "Max, you've been through a lot. It's okay to cry."

"I never cry."

"That's true. And it's weird." Lucas pointed out. Max turned toward him, frowning. "Why?"

"I look stupid when I cry." She said, biting down hard on the inside of her cheek. "Like a baby."

"You look fine." Lucas said, and Max relaxed slightly. "You look like anyone else does when they cry."

"And how's that?"

"Ugly."

Max laughed, then bit down on her lip to keep from laughing too loud. His parents were still up; and his bedroom door was locked, yeah, but it'd be kind of hard to get her out the window before they demanded to come inside.

And if they found out he'd snuck a girl into his room?

Oh, man.

"Thanks for letting me come over." She said, sniffing and sighing. "I had a friend back in California – her name was Katie – and she would let me come over when other bad shit happened. We would watch MTV and like, paint our nails and eat junk food."

"We can't watch MTV or paint our nails or eat junk food." Lucas said, nodding toward the Death Star, "But we can work on that."

"What, your stupid space ship?"

“The Death Star.” Lucas said, rolling his eyes at her. “Only the baddest space ship ever made. The scariest, the biggest, the most evil. It’s right up your alley.”

“You callin’ me evil?”

“I’m callin’ you bad.”

“Oh, shut up.” Max whispered, blushing as she leaned forward to reach for the instruction book. “Alright. Fine. But I’ll leave at ten.”

“You can stay as long as you want.” Lucas said, reaching for the bucket of pieces. “It’s not like we have school tomorrow or anything.”

“Thank god for winter break.” Max sighed, taking a piece out of the bucket. “Too bad it’s almost over.”

“But my parents did throw a great New Years’ party, huh?” Lucas said, glancing over at her. “You had fun?”

“Eh.” Max said, shrugging and pressing a piece into the top of the Death Star. “It was okay.”

“Okay?” Lucas asked, leaning toward her, “Just okay?”

“The kiss wasn’t bad. Six out of ten.”

“A six!”

“You’ve done better.”

“We’ve kissed twice!”

“Right! So – technically the Snow Ball was the best, and New Years was the worst.” Max said, shrugging and reaching for another piece. “That’s just how rankings work.”

Lucas leaned forward and kissed her.

After a moment, Max pulled away and shook her head, rolling her eyes.

“Any better?” Lucas asked. Max grinned.

“Well, you got a new *worst*.”

“Oh, come on!”